

The LOVER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres —————

Hor. *W. Addison*
See Biog. a
Brit. a
I. p. 35.

Tuesday, May 25. 1714.

SINCE I have given Publick Notice of my Abode, I have had many Visits from unfortunate Fellow Sufferers who have been crossed in Love as well as myself.

Will. Wormwood, who is related to me by my Mother's side, is one of those who often repair to me for my Advice. *Will.* is a Fellow of good Sense, but puts it to little other use than to torment himself. He is a Man of so refined an Understanding, that he can set a Construction upon every thing to his own disadvantage, and turn even a Civility into an Affront. He groans under imaginary Injuries, finds himself abused by his Friends, and fancies the whole World in a kind of Combination against him. In short, poor *Wormwood* is devoured with the Spleen: You may be sure a Man of this Humour makes a very whimsical Lover. Be that as it will, he is now over Head and Ears in that Passion, and by a very curious Interpretation of his Mistress's Behaviour, has in less than three Months reduced himself to a perfect Skeleton. As her Fortune is inferior to his, she gives him all the Encouragement another Man could wish, but has the Mortification to find that her Lover still Sowers upon her Hands. *Will.* is dissatisfied with her, whether she Smiles or Frowns upon him; and always thinks her either too reserved, or too coming. A kind Word, that would make another Lover's Heart dance for Joy, pangs poor *Will.* and makes him lie awake all Night — As I was going on with *Will. Wormwood's* Amour, I received a Present from my Bookseller which I found to be *The Characters of Theophrastus*, Translated from the Greek into English by Mr. Budgell.

It was with me, as I believe it will be with all who look into this Translation; when I had begun to peruse it I could not lay it by, till I had gone thro' the whole Book; and was agreeably surprised to meet with a Chapter in it, Entitled, *A Discontented Temper*, which gives a livelier Picture of my Cousin *Wormwood*, than that which I was drawing for him my self. It is as follows,

CHAP. XVII.

A Discontented Temper.

'A Discontented Temper, is *A frame of Mind* which sets a Man upon Complaining without reason. When one of his Neighbours who makes an Entertainment sends a Servant to him with a Plate of any thing that is Nice, *What*, says he, *your Master did not think me good enough to Dine with him?* He complains of his Mistress at the very time she is caressing him, and when she redoubles her Kisses and Endearments, *I wish*, says he, *all this came from your Heart.* In a dry Season he grumbles for want of Rain, and when a Shower falls, mutters to himself, *Why could not this have come sooner?* If he happens to find a Purse of

(Price Two Pence.)

'Mony, Had it been a Pot of Gold, says he, *it would have been worth stooping for.* He takes a great deal of pains to beat down the Price of a Slave; and after he has paid his Money for him, *I am sure*, says he, *Thou art good for nothing*, or *I should not have had thee so cheap.* When a Messenger comes with great Joy to acquaint him that his Wife is brought to Bed of a Son, he answers, *That is as much as to say, Friend, I am poorer by half to day than I was Yesterday.* Tho' he has gain'd a Cause with full Costs and Damages, he complains that his Council did not insist upon the most material Points. If after any Misfortune has befallen him, his Friends raise a voluntary Contribution for him, and desire him to be Merry, *How is that possible*, says he, *when I am to pay every one of you his Money again, and be obliged to you into the bargain?*

The Instances of a Discontented Temper which *Theophrastus* has here made use of, like those which he singles out to illustrate the rest of his Characters, are chosen with the greatest Nicety, and full of Humour. His Strokes are always fine and exquisite, and tho' they are not sometimes violent enough to affect the Imagination of a coarse Reader, cannot but give the highest pleasure to every Man of a refined Taste, who has a thorough insight into Human Nature.

As for the Translation, I have never seen any of a Prose Author which has pleased me more. The Gentleman who has obliged the Publick with it, has followed the Rule which *Horace* has laid down for Translators, by preserving every where the Life and Spirit of his Author, without servilely copying after him Word for Word. This is what the *French*, who have most distinguished themselves by Performances of this Nature, so often inculcate when they advise a Translator to find out such particular Elegances in his own Tongue, as bear some Analogy to those he sees in the Original, and to express himself by such Phrases as his Author would probably have made use of, had he written in the Language into which he is translated. By this means, as well as by throwing in a lucky Word, or a short Circumstance, the Meaning of *Theophrastus* is all along explained, and the Humour very often carried to a greater height. A Translator, who does not thus consider the different Genius of the two Languages in which he is concerned, with such parallel Turns of Thoughts and Expression as correspond with one another in both of them may value himself upon being a *faithful Interpreter*; but in Works of Wit and Humour will never do Justice to his Author, or Credit to himself.

As this is every where a judicious and a reasonable Liberty, I see no Chapter in *Theophrastus* where it has been so much indulged, and in which it was



so absolutely necessary, as in the Character of the *Sloven*. I find the Translator himself, tho' he has taken Pains to qualify it, is still apprehensive that there may be something too gross in the Description. The Reader will see with how much *Delicacy* he has touched upon every Particular, and cast into Shades every thing that was shocking in so Nauseous a Figure.

CHAP. XIX. A SLOVEN.

'Slovenliness is Such a Neglect of a Man's Person, as makes him Offensive to other People. The *Sloven* comes into Company with a dirty pair of Hands, and a set of long Nails at the end of them, and tells you for an Excuse, that his Father and Grandfather used to do so before him. However that he may out-go his Fore-fathers, his Fingers are covered with Warts of his own raising. He is as hairy as a Goat, and takes care to let you see it. His Teeth and Breath are perfectly well suited to one another. He lays about him at Table after a very extraordinary manner, and takes in a Meal at a Mouthful; which he seldom disposes of without offending the Company. In Drinking he generally makes more haste than good speed. When he goes into the Bath you may easily find him out by the scent of his Oyl, and distinguish him when he is dress'd by the spots in his Coat. He does not stand upon Decency in Conversation, but will talk Smut, tho' a Priest and his Mother be in the Room. He commits a Blunder in the most solemn Offices of Devotion, and afterwards falls a laughing at it. At a Confort of Musick he breaks in upon the Performance, hums over the Tune to himself, or if he thinks it long, asks the Musicians *Whether they will never have done?* He always spits at random, and if he is at an Entertainment 'tis ten to one but it is upon the Servant who stands behind him.

The foregoing Translation brings to my Remembrance that excellent Observation of my Lord Roscommon's.

*None yet have been with Admiration read,
But who (beside their Learning) were Well-bred.*

Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse.

If after this the Reader can endure the filthy Representation of the same Figure exposed in its worst Light, he may see how it looks in the former *English* Version, which was Published some Years since, and is done from the *French* of *Bruyere*.

Nastiness or Slovenliness.

'Slovenliness is a lazy and beastly Negligence of a Man's own Person, whereby he becomes so fordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You'll see him come into Company when he is cover'd all over with a Leprosy and Scurf, and with very long Nails, and says, those Distempers were hereditary, that his Father and Grandfather had them before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond Remedy. His Arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his Body like a Wild Beast. His Teeth are black and rotten, which makes his Breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his Nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his Mouth cramm'd full, and lets his Vitals come out at both Corners. He belches in the Cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty stinking Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude into the best Company in fordid ragged Cloaths. If he goes with his Mother to the Southsayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane

Expressions. When he is making his Oblations at the Temple, he will let the Dish drop out of his Hands and fall a laughing, as if he had done some brave Exploit. At the finest Confort of Musick he can't forbear clapping his Hands, and making a rude Noise; will pretend to Sing along with them, and fall a Railing at them to leave off. Sitting at Table, he spits full upon the Servants who waited there.

I cannot close this Paper without observing, That if Gentlemen of Leisure and Genius would take the same Pains upon some other *Greek* or *Roman* Author that has been bestowed upon this, we should no longer be abused by our Bookfellers, who set their Hackney-Writers at Work for so much a Sheet. The World would soon be convinced, that there is a great deal of difference between putting an Author into *English*, and *Translating* him.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

This Day is Published,
The Characters of Theophrastus. Translated from the Greek by Eustace Budgell, Esq; Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand.

This Day is Published,
The Romish Ecclesiastical History of late Years. By Richard Steele, Esq; Suis & ipsa Roma viribus mit. Hor. Printed for J. Roberts near the Oxford Arms in Warwick-lane.

This Day is Published.
(By a Grant from her Majesty to Michael Maittaire, Gent.) THE KAINHΣ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗΣ ΑΓΙΑΤΑ. New Testamentum. In a neat Pocket Volume, and with a fine new Letter cast Abroad. By Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head in the Strand and John Watts in Bow-street, Covent Garden, Assigns of the said Michael Maittaire.

This Day is Publish'd, The Second Edition of
A Conference, on the Doctrine of Transubstantiation, between His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, and Father Fitzgerald, an Irish Jesuit, whom King James II. sent, in the time of his Sickness, in Yorkshire, to convert him to the Romish Religion. Printed for Ferd. Burleigh in Amen-Corner, and A. Dod at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. price 4d.

This Day is Published,
Mr. Young's Poem, Intituled, The Force of Religion: Or, Vanquish'd Love. (Illustrated in the Story of the Lady Jane Grey.) In two Books. Adorned with curious Cuts, price 1 s. A small number are done on a Superfine Paper, neatly covered and gilt, price 1 s. 6 d. Printed for T. Curll at the Dial and Bible, and J. Pemberton at the Buck and Sun, both against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet. Where may be also had The Life, Death and Character of the Lady Jane Gray, very proper to bind up with this Poem. price 6d.

This is to give Notice, that this Day, being the 25th of this Instant May, the books will be opened at the Oyl Annuity-Office in great Russell street in Bloomsbury, for taking Subscriptions for a stock of one hundred thousand Pounds, at an Interest of forty five Pounds per Cent. per Annum, for two Years; in order to lay up great Quantities of Beech Mast, for making Oil, by Authority of Her Majesties Letters Patents under the Great Seal of Great-Britain, according to the Proposals lately published: And whereas several Gentlemen have called at the Office, and desired that Blanks may be kept for certain Sums of Money, without entering the Places of their Habitation: They are desired before the opening the Book, to remedy that Omission, lest they run the Hazard of missing their Subscription, because above sixty thousand Pounds of the hundred thousand is already promised, and more daily bespoke: Proposals are still given gratis at the said Office.

No. 8. May 1. 1714. This Day a young Gentlewoman had a Worm brought away 16 Foot and odd inches long, by taking the Medicines of Mr. Moore, Apothecary, at the Pestle and Mortar in Abchurch Lane, London. Note, This with several others of a prodigious Size are to be seen at the said Mr. Moore's, viz. one 30 Foot long, another 5 and an half, being part of one of 16 Yards odd Inches; another 6 Yards and an half, another 50 Foot, and another in form of a Bird, but very small: All brought away from 6 People. A fuller Account will be given by the Patients themselves.

Cephalic Tincture,
So long celebrated for curing Convulsions, Apoplexies, Palsies, Head-Pains, Vapours, and all Nervous Distempers. Infants Fits instantly, tho' hereditary y mortal to whole Families before, as was experienced by Mr. Lane's Child at the Wool-pack in Cannon-street, and two Children of Squire Brace's in Westminster, and other numberless Testimonies. It is of admirable Use to refine the Blood to a due Circulation, to free it from stagnation, and sudden Death, fit for hard Drinkers and those that use little Exercise. It is sold in 5 Shilling and Half-Crown Bottles, with a Book of its Virtues and Directions, from Matham's under St. Dunstan's Church, and Allcroft's in Corn-hill, Toyshops, and no where else.

